

THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

VOL. II.—No. 102.

PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1829.

WHOLE NUMBER 332.

CHARLES ALEXANDER, PUBLISHER. N^o. 112 CHESTNUT STREET, OPPOSITE TO THE POST-OFFICE.—TERMS \$8 PER ANNUM. PAYABLE HALF YEARLY IN ADVANCE.

Musical Fund Society.

The Members of the Musical Fund Society, and the public, are respectfully informed that the **NINETEENTH CONCERT**, for the Benefit of the Fund, will be given at their Hall, on Wednesday evening, the 29th inst.

Leader, Mr. C. F. Hufeld.

PART I.

Overture, *Jean de Paris* Boieldieu.
Song, Mrs. Franklin, "Hasten by the Star-
light" C. E. Horn.
Solo, Horn, Mr. Will, During.
Grand Scene, from the Opera of *Der Frey-
schütz*, Mrs. Austin, Von Weber.
Solo, Clarinet, Mr. W. Peter, Baumer.
Song, "Ave Duke Concordia," with variations,
Mrs. Austin Baumer.
Overture, The two blind Men of Toledo, Mahul.

PART II.

Concerto for two Violins, Maser, Kruger &
Reinhardt, Jansen.
Song, Mrs. Franklin, "Tell me my Heart," Bishop.
Theme, with variations, Trumpet,
Mr. J. J. Norton, J. J. Norton.
Song, Mrs. Austin, "The War has ceased,"
arranged expressly for her, obligato
to Trumpet, by Mr. J. J. Norton, Norton.
Overture, "Jesus Heals the Heart," Mahul.

The Concert will take place at half past 7 o'clock precisely.

The general rehearsal will be held to-morrow afternoon, at half past two o'clock. Members will be admitted by exhibiting their tickets.

A Committee for the distribution of tickets, will attend at the Hall to-morrow, from 10 till 2, and on Wednesday, from 10 till 5 o'clock.

Tickets will be for sale at the principal Music and Book Stores, and at the Hall.

Carriages will set down heads east, and take up heads west.

April 27—St

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.

Grand Fancy Ball and Carnival.
The Members are respectfully informed that an Entertainment of the above name and interesting nature, will be given at the above establishment, on

THURSDAY EVENING, April 30th.

Surpassing in SPLENDOR AND MAGNIFICENCE any attempt of the kind hitherto presented in this country.

Arrangements are making that it will insure an extension of that liberal and fashionable patronage hitherto manifested towards the establishment, during the present *Theatrical* season, and while it is distinctly manifested, will be, on the present occasion, commensurate with the responsibility of the undertaking.

The following, among other regulations, have been adopted:

Tickets to the Dress Circle and Lower Promenade, including one gentleman and two ladies, including refreshments, \$2.

Spectators Tickets, (single,) to the Second Row, \$2 each.

And for the better preservation of order, and to preclude the possibility of the introduction of improper persons, seats must indiscriminately be taken, at the Box Office, or at the Hall.

Twenty million dollars' worth of musical Bands are engaged.

Dancing to commence at 9 o'clock, under the direction of several masters of Ceremonies, who will be distinguished by their badges.

Grand Colloquy at 12 o'clock.

The Decorations of the interior of the Theatre, by Mr. ... Artist, and principal Director of the GRAND FESTIVAL, C. G. Gandy, New York, in honour of the ILLUSTRIOS LAFAYETTE.

Access to the extent of the Wardrobe of the Theatre will be furnished gratis, on application at the Box Office, on or before Wednesday next.

Court Dresses and Fancy Shape Dresses, of every colour, supplied by Mr. ... in the Park Theatre, New York, who is engaged for the occasion. Application to be made at the Theatre.

Gentlemen desirous of appearing in Military Uniform, are invited to do so.

No mask on any pretence to be admitted.

Dominos will be furnished by Mr. Ammerman.

Private Dressing Rooms and Attendants gratis, on extra charge.

Porter's Peculiarities in future advertisements.

Box Office open on Monday and Tuesday next, at the usual hours.

April 22—St

SCHOOL RECOLLECTIONS.

Twelve years ago I made a mock
Of silly trades and trifles;
I wonder'd what they meant by stock;
I wrote delightful sapphies;

I knew the streets of Rome and Troy;
I sup'd with Fates and Furies;

Twelve years ago I was a boy,
A happy boy at Drury's.

Twelve years ago!—how many a thought
Of faded pains and pleasures

Those whisper'd syllables have brought
From Memory's hoarded treasures:

The fields, the forms, the bats, the books,

The glories and disgraces,

The voice of dear friends, the looks
Of old familiar faces.

Kind Master smiles again to me,

As bright as when we parted;

I seem again the frank, the free,

Stout limb'd and simple hearted;

Forswor ev'ry ill dream;

And shunning every warning;

With no hard work but Bonney Stream,

No still except long morning.

Where are my friends? I am alone,

No playmate shares my beaker;

Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,

And some beneath the Speaker.

And some compose a tragedy;

And some compose a ronde;

And some draw sword for liberty;

And some draw pieces for John Doe.

And I am eight-and-twenty now:

The world's cold chain's have bound me;

And darker shades are on my brow,

And sadder scenes around me:

Parliament I fill my seat,

With many other noodies!

And lay my head in Jermyn-street,

And sip my hock at Brodée's.

But often, when the cares of life

Have set my temples aching;

When visions haun me of a wife,

When duns await my wakin';

When lady Jane is in a fit,

Or Holy in a hurry;

When Captain Hazard wins a bet,

Or Beaufort spoils a curv;

For hours and hours I think and talk

Of each remembered hobby;

I longed to lounge in Poet's Walk,

To shive in the lobby;

I wish that I could run away,

From home, and court, and levee,

Where bearded men appear to-day,

Just Eaton boys, grown heavy;

That I could bask in childhood's sun,

And dance o'er childhood's rose;

And find huge wealth in one;—ound one,

Wat wit in broken noses;

And play Sir Giles at Datchet Lane,

And sell the milk-maid's hours;

That I could be a boy again,

A happy boy, at Drury's.

FOR THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

A committee which was appointed by a number of benevolent citizens, to enquire into the condition of indigent females in this city have given on the result of their labours. The motives, and the industry of these gentlemen, are highly commendable. They have sought information to obtain facts. If their sympathy with the sufferers has led them to adopt representations not altogether true, they will receive correction with candour.

The committee report that females, generally, who labour for their subsistence, are not *justly* rewarded. With their claim for additional pay to those who receive twelve and a half cents, for making shirts, pantaloons &c., we entirely accord—they ought to have double that sum. Of spooling and other work belonging to manufacturers, we know not the value, and therefore, say nothing. But for making up fine liniment-making—washing—ironing—and house-cleaning, women, whether competent or not to what they undertake, are abundantly paid. I will not occupy your columns with details of prices. They are known to every house-keeper.

The individual who established the *Morning Chronicle*, a paper that seems to have gathered together from time to time the choicest spirits that ever took note-book in hand. Finnerty was coarse, even gross, in his general habits; of a large and awkward frame; had a ludicrous cast in one eye that heightened his rich humour; and was possessed of peculiar mellifluous brogue, which he appeared to cultivate as a mark of distinction. Like his countryman, Barry, he loved Ireland to the last, and would overwhelm any man with a torrent of eloquent Billingsgate who would speak disrespectfully of the *sod*. He hated the word *talent*; he used to call it an *"illegitimate humbug."* he considered it an Irish affectation, without meaning or purpose, and he used it as an insidious sarcasm. Few men possessed greater powers of retentiveness. It is said that he seldom took notes, but reported from memory. In early life he was apprenticed to a printer. An upholsterer in Dublin, who was induced to patronize him, took him while a boy into his warehouse; but Finnerty was too fond of reading political pamphlets and attending public meetings to watch faithfully over the interests of the furniture. The upholsterer was determined to get rid of him, and recommended him to his friend the printer as a smart fellow, who would make himself useful. He was not long in the new concern until his master, on entering the composing-room one morning, discovered Finnerty mounted on one of the frames, haranguing the men on liberty and equality. Not having employed him to teach these doctrines he sent him back to the upholsterer, who, in turn, made some excuse to evade him. Peter was next to be found in the office of the *Press*, a newspaper establishment about the period of the rebellion, to oppose the measures of Lord Castlereagh. Here he first distinguished himself. Dr. McNevin, Sampson, and others, many of whom are now living in America, were the principal writers, and but wanted a man who had firmness and intelligence enough to stand in the publishing-office. Finnerty developed the requisite qualities by accident. A person employed by Government to purchase a copy of the *Press*, with a view to prosecute the authors, came in while Peter happened to be standing in the office. Peter suspected his purpose, and, being asked the price of the paper, replied—“We don’t sell it all, Sir, but I’ll make you a present of one.” This address preserved them from the meditated prosecution; but their safety was of short continuance, for Finnerty’s next *debut* was on the boards of a pillory. His cause was the public cause, and his martyrdom soon won him a host of sympathizers, and most uncompromising description; his Lordship always bowed to Peter in the lobby of the House; a condescension the latter used to acknowledge as a proof of the ascendancy of his own character. Peter was a rough satirist, spared no man’s feelings, and took more pleasure in provoking his enemies than conciliating his friends. He was essentially a man for the mob—the element was popular with him; he had no sense of conventional refinements—despised etiquette—and abhorred negus. *Atlas.*

“Squilla di lontano
Che paja il giorno piange che si muore!”
and deposited myself and my yellow valet, Gioacchino, in a hotel in Brook-street. The next day I wandered to my old club, which was grown as fine and uncomfortable as “Nineteen à la cour”; heard my contemporaries observe, as they glanced towards a mirror, that I was miserably altered; lost my way in a wilderness of new streets, and my footing in the puddles of a Macadamized square; and just as I was recovering my equilibrium of body, if not of temper, I perceived a lank, rufous visage, raising sympathetically upon my misfortune. “Twas a strangely familiar face, “Twas ‘Fosbrook’s,’ not Dick’s, but the ‘popular author’!

His dolorous physiognomy expanded into smiles on this unexpected recognition. He took my arm, and my way onwards, and we turned literally and figuratively to the passage of our youth, till he almost became Dick again by the force of reminiscence. Nay! had it not been for the deferential salutation of two wise men, two very learned pundits, and the raised hats of a bustling Westminster-ward member, or two whom we met sculling down Regent-street, his popularity and authorship would have been forgotten between us. “Dine with me to-morrow,” said he at parting, “we shall be alone, and can gossip over our Trinity days.”

“With all my heart,” I answered. “At five in Gower-street?”

“No, no! at seven, in Curzon-street;” but the words came not trippingly from his tongue.

The morrow came, and I was delighted to find that, among the various removals of the day, dear Old-Bond-street had not changed its residence, although “almost ashamed to know itself;” and as I re-paraded my daily walks and ancient neighbourhood, I was startled by the sight of poor Fosbrook’s face fronting in all the panes of the print-shops. There, at least, he was no Dick of mine; for his worthy countenance was distorted into a most cynical sneer, and he looked as blue and yellow as an Edinburgh review. Rain came on, and I was driven to the cruel refuge of a morning visit; when, having excused myself from an impromptu dinner invitation thro’ my “pre-engagement to my friend Mr. Fosbrook.” “The popular author”—I was amused to find that even to his friend was a rising point in the thermometer of fashion; and my intervention was as humbly prayed to render him my friend’s due. Poor Fosbrook! I remember the time when I scarcely contrived to procure a third man to make up dummy whine with him; he was considered a chartered bore, by right divine, and according to the most approved authorities!

It was, however, with a feeling nearly amounting to respect for his new honours, that I trod lightly upon the creaking steps of my hasty-coach at the door of his new mansion, and was ushered by a sulky butler into a very literary-looking drawing room. Over the marble-sphinxed chimney-piece hung a fine portrait of his master, in oils, and by Lawrence! and over a bulkécrâne, a spirited sketch by Hayter, being the original of the authorial print of the Bond-street windows. Poor Fosbrook! I remember the time when a paltry profile was the only copy of his countenance! Several proofs of splendid new engravings were “ordered to lie on the table,” besides a few presentation copies of the latest works of the day. “Are they good for any thing?” said I to Dick, who found me with a volume in my hands.

“I really cannot take upon me to say,” he replied gravely, and with the air of a man who is afraid of committing himself. “One of the worst consequences of scribbling ourselves is, that we have no leisure to look over these light productions, which are sometimes far from unmeaning.”

“We!”—thinks I to myself, editorial; while Richard (I will never Dick him any more) turned to the final page of the several works, and determined their length as the standard of their merits.

A very light production now entered the room—Mrs. Fosbrook; looking as dreary as the frontispiece of *La Bella Assemblee*. But if her gown were *couleur de rose*, her brow was black as Erebus, the honour which had made him sad, had made her cross. I did not care; I had never abbreviated her name; so as it was the *May of the Month*, I requested her to “come in.”

“One sin, its parents’ or his own,” indeed, had dipped him in ink very early in life; his first elegy upon his mother’s favourite tabby had been wept over by every maiden aunt of the house of Fosbrook: his translations had been applauded by Busby; his prize-poems had been printed at Cambridge; he had lodged in the same house with Lord Byron; his grandmother was a Hayley; his bankers, Rogers, Togwood and Co. Such a concatenation of impulses was irresistible, and Dick Fosbrook became an author!

One fatal and highly unpoetical stumble befell him upon the very brink of Helicon. He married—neither a muse, nor a Madame Da-ré; but a very pretty girl, reasonably rich, and unusually silly;—a professional alliance, however, for she was the daughter of a master in Chancery, and Dick was already at the bar.

The duties of his legal vocation did not at present interfere with his homage to the Nine; that in the tons place) has remained in its pro-

or, as his wife persisted in calling them, the foolish virgins. He wrote, he published, and wrote and published again; and if the learned world said nothing to his paradoxes, he was equally satisfied as to the amount of the printer’s bill, which he annually pocketed with a genuine Christmas groan! He flattered himself he wrote for immortality; that post-abut bound, the dismoring of which falls so lightly on our feelings!—and his wife and her relations, who regarded authorship as a lawless and callous calling, inimical to the interests of church and state, and an increasing family, resulted in the permanent deathbeds which unfailingly awaited his literary progeny. He dined with him once or twice at this period of his domestic felicity and public misfortunes, and I never heard a happier or more contented man; he laughed at my bad jokes upon withered laurels, and Lethe, and the stream of Time; he told me that the indigent widow was a dunce, “sans ears, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing;” while his wife, half-fam'd

moreover—perhaps the march of intellect has changed their taste.—*N. Y. Courier*.

The following is an extract of a letter from a gentleman in Washington, dated April 24th, 1820—"I was told by the Secretary of War this morning, that he had yesterday, by order of the President, relieved General Scott from his suspension, and granted him a furlough until December next."

The Mayor of Boston has addressed a circular to the clergymen, recommending contributions in their respective churches, for relief of sufferers by the late fire at Augusta, Geo.

The whole number of acts and resolutions passed at the late session of the Pennsylvania Legislature is 237.

The great Cumberland road is to be M'Adamized.

At a stated meeting of the Trustees of the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, on the 14th inst. Rev. Dr. William W. Phillips, of the city of New York, and Lucius Q. C. Elmer, Esq. of Bridgeton, in this state, were elected Trustees of that institution.

The Stable and sheds of Mr. William Primrose, of Queen Anne's county, Md. were destroyed by fire on the night of the 20th inst. Besides a quantity of fodder, five horses and a new gig, were also consumed.

LADIES' HAIR ROLLERS.—The demand for these articles in the city of New York has become so great, that the vendors find it impossible to keep a sufficient supply on hand. They work with a spring, and supersede the necessity of destroying files of newspapers.

It is stated in the Telegraph of Chestertown, Md. that there is a rumour entitled to some credit of the small pox having made its appearance in the neighbourhood of that place.

The Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada has been prorogued to the 2d day of June next.

The deaths in New York last week according to the Inspector's report numbered 76—of these there were 12 men, 12 women, 24 boys, and 12 girls—16 died of consumption.

By the brig Hope, Martin, 54 days from Montevideo, arrived in Hampton Roads on Saturday, the Norfolk Herald learns that the Markets were dull for Ame. produce, flour, &c. 1-2. Several vessels which had arrived at Montevideo, sailed again in quest of a market. The U. S. ship Hudson, Capt. Hoffman, all well, was at Montevideo, and the U. S. sloop of war Boston, Commodore Croington, was hourly expected from Buenos Ayres.

Mr. Peter Shufeldt, a respectable farmer of the town of Chatham, was drawn near Schock Landing, on Tuesday morning last. He had gone to that place in company with his father, for the purpose of procuring a load of bricks, which were piled on the dock; the water overflowed the wharf to the depth of two or three feet. The brick being situated on the edge of the dock, the deceased proceeded with his team to the place where they were located, and in attempting to drive alongside, the horses went over into the river, drawing the wagon with the driver after them. The horses and wagon soon went under, and the unfortunate man was soon struggling with the current, which carried him rapidly down the river, pitifully imploring assistance, when a few minutes sunk to rise no more. There was no person near at the time of the accident, save the afflicted father, who witnessed the heart-rending spectacle without the power of rendering any assistance. As late as yesterday all efforts to procure the body of the unfortunate man had proved unavailing. The horses and wagon were taken out of the water about three miles below, a few hours afterwards. The deceased was about 30 years of age.—*Kingston Herald*.

An affray took place on Wednesday, the 14th inst. on the Orange Turnpike, about one mile above Fredericksburg, between James and Richard Cunningham, and three wagons, Henry Delph, Aaron Blackbaker, and Lewis Crigler. Delph died on Friday last, at Stevensburg, Culpeper, in consequence of wounds received in the fight. Blackbaker and Crigler it is said are also severely injured. A warrant was issued for the apprehension of the Cunninghams, and a posse from this place was summoned on Wednesday, for the purpose of assisting the officer in his duty. They have not yet however been taken. It is rumored, that the cause of the affray was the improper conduct of the wagons towards the family of one of the Cunninghams. As it is probable that they may be apprehended and undergo a trial, we confine ourselves to this brief account of the affair.—*Fredericksburg Arena*.

We learn that on the 13th inst. at Medina, 3 boys, all between six and ten years of age, while amusing themselves in a skiff in a raceway emptying into Oak Orchard creek, but a short distance above the falls, inadvertently suffered the boat to drift into the current of the stream, and were precipitated down the cascade, a distance of about 60 or 70 feet. Two of them were alive when taken out of the water; one of them soon after expired, and the other, although with one arm broken and otherwise severely injured, bids fair to recover. The one not found, when we last heard from the melancholy scene, is the son of Justus Ingersoll, Esq. of that village. To whom the other two belonged, we have not yet been able to learn.—*Orleans Anti Masonic Telegraph*.

Comparison of Speed of the most celebrated English and American racers.

It has been often said that Eclipse and Henry performed their four miles on the Union Course in the shortest time on record. I, therefore, have taken some trouble in furnishing you with a few instances from English sporting annals of races made by the most celebrated horses, perhaps, ever known; and it is necessary to observe, that for every seven pounds gain in weight over a four mile course, it is equal in distance to two hundred and forty yards.—Eclipse carrying one hundred and thirty pounds against Henry, four miles, time seven minutes and thirty-seven seconds. The information I have received respecting the above race is, I believe, correct.

Flying Childers, foaled in 1715, got by the Darby Arabian, and bred by L. Childers, Esq. This most wonderful horse was first used as a hunter, and he did not appear on the turf until he was five or six years old. He beat all horses of his time, and at whatever distance. He never was tried for a single mile; but from the performances of horses since, far inferior to him, there appears no doubt of his ability to have gone a mile in one minute. It is stated that he moved at the astonishing rate of eighty-two and a half feet in one second. He ran over the Round Course at New Market, three miles, six furlongs and ninety-three yards in six minutes and forty seconds, carrying one hundred and twenty-eight pounds. He also ran over the Beacon Course, four miles, one furlong and one hundred and thirty-six yards in seven minutes and thirty seconds, carrying one hundred and thirty-three pounds. The speed of this horse could never be exactly ascertained, as he beat all horses, who run against him, with ease.

Eclipse foaled in 1764, got by Marsh, grandson of Childers. He was bred by the Duke of Cumberland, after whose death he was sold, when a yearling, for seventy-five guineas, and when five years old he sold for 1,750 guineas. O'Kelly, the owner, could afterwards have taken almost any sum for him, but he could not be got to name a price. This horse, like Childers, did not appear on the turf till he was five years old. He was equal to sixteen stone. Too much cannot be said of his speed and bottom, for no contemporary racer could keep a moment by his side.—He was always rode by Oakley, a powerful jockey, but yet unable to hold him. This horse always went at a certain rate, never swerved, and pulled up at a dead standstill, and the race, mostly of his own accord; neither whip nor spur, was ever applied to him. When he ran his first race of four miles, at Epsom, for the maiden plate, he won the first heat, going at his usual rate, and in running for the second all the horses were close together at the three mile post, when some of the jockeys cracked their whips. Eclipse suddenly became alarmed, and bounded away from his usual jog, and Oakley held him with all his strength; notwithstanding, in going the last mile he distanced all the horses. He is said to have run over the York Course, four miles, carrying one hundred and sixty-eight pounds, in eight minutes. In another race, at York, in 1770, he ran against the celebrated horses Tortoise and Bellario. Previous to starting twenty to one was offered, and while running one hundred to one on Eclipse against the field. He took the lead on starting, and after having gone two miles out of the four he had left both horses a distance behind. It is stated that O'Kelly, the owner of Eclipse, entered him against several other horses for a race, and that he betted six to four that he would place all the horses; and, when called upon before starting to do so, he named Eclipse first, and all the others distanced him. Eclipse took the lead, and in the first heat distanced all the horses with ease, consequently O'Kelly one his bet, a distanced horse having no place. Eclipse won eleven king's plates, and in all of them, except one, he carried one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. He and Childers are the only ones beaten, nor has any horse since their time been produced whose performances will bear a comparison with theirs.

From English Papers received at this Office.

ANOTHER TROTTING MATCH.

A match was on Saturday made between the American horse, Rattler, the property of the owner of Tom Thumb, and a celebrated mare, called Miss Turner, formerly the property of Mr. Western, and allowed to be one of the fastest English trotters of the present day, for two hundred pounds a-side, to come off in the Newmarket Craven week in the neighbourhood of Newmarket; to trot ten miles in saddle, the American horse to carry ten stone, and the mare not to be tied to weight. The mare is also to receive one minute at starting; and in the event of either breaking to be turned round, according to the usual laws of trotting—50/- a-side were deposited. A second deposit of 50/- a-side to be made at the One Tun, in Jermyn-street, on the evening of Saturday, the 21st inst.; and the whole of the stakes to be completed at the same house, on Thursday, the 16th April, when the day and place of trotting will be named, and the other preliminaries adjusted.

Rattler is a faster horse than Tom Thumb for the distance above mentioned—but would fail in a match for 100 miles for want of wind.]

IMPORTANT IF TRUE, BUT VERY MYSTERIOUS ANY WAY.

The Princess Sophia Matilda came to town on Tuesday morning, from her residence on Blackheath, to pay her respects to her cousin, the Princess Augusta, at her residence in the King's palace, St. James's. The Duchess of Gloucester joined the two Princesses; the party partook of a *déjeuner* about two o'clock. The Princess Sophia Matilda returned to her residence on Blackheath in the afternoon.—We are inclined to think the Court circular in error. *It was to see her brother the Duke of Cumberland that the Princess came to London: the interview related to family affairs.*—ED. SPRYXN.

COMMUNICATION.

The lively little village of Frankford presents many attractions for an afternoon ride, and persons desirous of enjoying a few hours recreation in that way, will be gratified with the pleasant and cheerful appearance of the place. The Jolly Post Tavern is again revived, and kept by a respectable Widow, who hopes to share a portion of the future existence of the place with the honest and industrious, though not very wealthy, inhabitants.

Book-keeping in particular, and few Garcia attached to it, no doubt it will be a strong inducement for parents, who wish to afford their children an afternoon's pleasure, to visit it.

COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, No. 206 Race street, opposite Franklin Square, Philadelphia.

THIS institution, which is in very flourishing condition, is one of the greatest and most mercantile schools in the country. The plan of that institution has shown a superior work on Book-keeping, to any that has been before the public, and deserving the particular attention of the mercantile community, and especially young gentlemen who wish to be men of business. Penmanship and Book-keeping, are of the very highest importance in commercial business. Having been extremely successful in these departments, and in all the principal cities between Boston and New Orleans, (personally,) I find great deficiency in clerks and Merchants, in these two branches of education.

Our seminaries have been very deficient in accomplishing these very important branches, which are of the greatest use to every man of business. Having given some attention to those branches of education in different seminaries, and in the public schools of America, I directed my attention to several of the Academies, and particularly examined the systems and manner of teaching, and feel it a duty to mention the improvement made by the professor of this institution, not only in the superiority of the system, but in the manner of teaching, which is very different from any other in the city, and in strict accordance with mercantile business, and with nature.

Book-keeping in particular, any person who wishes to acquire this important and important science, would do well to call and examine for themselves, his system and mode of teaching, as the difference is worthy of notice.

His system on Book-keeping are decidedly preferable to any in the Union. His Penmanship must be acknowledged a superior business hand, as it is written in a clear, distinct, and legible hand. The writing itself is sufficient to establish this fact, to any person who will examine his specimens of improvement.

These valuable treatises are the production of the unexampled ingenuity and faithful studies of that professor. His principles on Penmanship are new—every idea is new, and are productive of the most unexampled improvement. Persons in from 6 to 12 months require about half an hour daily, to accomplish in 6 or 12 months in other systems. In his Book-keeping, a person (who is a good writer) can acquire a good knowledge of this science in from 4 to 6 days, by close attention; and in any other system it has not been acquired in half the perfection in as many months, or years.

Friends of internal improvement must notice this as the best improvements of the present day, in a commercial nation like this. The old school exercises have produced a parallel in these branches of education.

A WESTERN MERCHANT.

april 29-31

MARRIED.

On Monday evening, the 20th inst. by the Rev. Elihu Cushing, Mr. JOSEPH N. GOODRICH, to Miss HARRIET LE HURAY, daughter of the Rev. Nicholas Le Huray, all of this city.

DIED.

Yesterday morning, Mrs. BEDECCA, wife of Wm. Duff. Her friends and acquaintances are respectfully informed, that she died at her residence in her husband, No. 125 Queen street, between Second and Third streets, this afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

On Monday evening, DAVID UBER, in the 84th year of his age. The friends and relatives of the family are specially invited to attend his funeral, from his late residence, corner of Seventh and Callowhill streets, this afternoon, at 4 o'clock.

On Saturday evening, of a short illness, HELENA MARY, youngest daughter of the late Capt. John H. Hampton, aged 3 years and 5 months.

TO RENT.

A STORE and Dwelling, in a central situation within a few doors of Chestnut street, rent moderate. Apply at this office.

april 28-31

ALMANACK.					
1820.	SEA RISES.	SEA FLOODS.	WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.	
APRIL					
MONDAY	5 10	6 50	11	1/2	
TUESDAY	5 8	6 51	6	1/2	
WEDNESDAY	5 8	6 52	5	1/2	
THURSDAY	5 8	6 53	5	1/2	
FRIDAY	5 8	6 54	5	1/2	
SATURDAY	5 7	6 55	5	1/2	
SUNDAY	5 6	6 55	2 15	1/2	
MONDAY	5 4	6 56	2 25	1/2	
TUESDAY	5 3	6 57	3 35	1/2	

SHIP NEWS.

PORt OF PHILADELPHIA.

ARRIVED.

Ship Jules Cesar, 500 tons, Liverpool, 35 days with salt and creosote, to Beauf, Jamaica.

Ship Halycon, Liverpool, 62 days, with salt and creosote, to Beauf, Jamaica.

Ship Sarah Balston, Liverpool, 62 days, Feb. 19, in, on, with salt, hemp and potash, to John Welsh. Sailed Feb. 24th, 1820, for Philadelphia, and parted company with the brig Avis, for Charleston, and ported to the mouth of the Channel. April 15, boarded the brig Pomona, abandoned, with the loss of rudder, foremast, topgallant, gaff-boom, &c. and was loaded with cedar, with some pine, pitch pine, &c. April 22, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, April 21, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 20, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 19, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 18, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 17, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 16, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 15, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 14, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 13, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 12, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 11, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 10, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 9, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 8, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 7, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 6, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 5, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 4, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 3, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 2, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 1, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 30, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 29, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 28, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 27, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 26, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 25, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 24, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 23, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 22, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 21, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 20, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 19, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 18, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 17, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 16, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 15, 1820, 10 45, 60 40, 12 15, 64 40, April 14, 1820, 10 45, 60

